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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1607.

Choice Poetry.

"ALL THE DAY IDLE."

Wherefore idle,—when the harvest beckoning,
Nods its ripe tassels to the brightening sky?
Arise and labor ere the time of reckoning,
Ere the long shadows and the night draw nigh.

Wherefore idle?—Spring the sickle sturdily!
Bind thy rich sheaves unstintingly and fast!
Nothing dismayed, do thy great work decorously—
Patient and strong, and hopeful to the last!

Wherefore idle?—Labor, not inaction,
Is the sole's birthright and its truest zest;
Up in thy work! 'Tis Heaven's all sanction—
He who toils manliest, heroical, toils the best.

Wherefore idle?—God himself is working
His great thought evermore, not, nor standeth still;
In every throb of His vast heart is lurking
Some mighty purpose of His mighty will.

Wherefore idle?—Not a leaf's slight rustle
But whilom there is thy train, ingenious seer:
Be a strong sense in the great world's bustle—
Not a weak notion or a pampered guest!

Wherefore idle?—Oh! my faint soul, wherefore?
Shake free, from idle eyes, powers dull as death's control!
Then lift thy voice with an undying "Therefore!"
Thou, too, shalt conquer, oh, thou striving soul!"

TO THE LOYAL HEART.

Oh! tell me of thy loyal love—
Oh! tell it me again,
For life has many a cloud of grief,
And many a pang of pain;
But Love, oh! Love, is ever new,
The fairest flower that ever grew.

The stars shine not such silent light,
And softly and so bright;
And though an old as ancient light,
Are new as ideas write!—
And so Love's oft-repeated tale
Grows never wearisome, but ever sweet.

Oh! let me hear upon thy breast,
And catch the whispered hope!
Thy pressure breathes the air of rest,
And every care has flown;
Oh! tell me of a love both equaled,
And is no longer desert land.

I'll close my eyes, and lean my head,
And dream a dream of bliss,
While softly on my forehead steals
Thy pure and holy kiss.
Love, gracious Love! when'r it grows old,
Ah, this, indeed, will Life's one grave be!
Ellen Cook's Journal.

Original Novelet.

VIOLA;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,
Author of "Prairie Flowers," "Forsaken Daughter," "Leni Leoni," "Female Spy," "Ronald De Fort," &c.
&c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

MYSTERIES OF THE TOWER.

The apartment I had so unceremoniously entered, without giving the fair inmate any warning of my approach, was small and circular, like the one below, with its four long narrow windows looking to the four points of the compass, and was furnished, carpeted, and decorated in the same style, with sofas, ottomas, tables, mirrors, and pictures. The windows have vines, and were withal so high above the ground, that a goodly portion of the park could be seen over the angular roofs of the surrounding buildings; and the summit of the tower, one story higher still, commanded a view, not only of the grounds of D'Estang Villa, but of the adjacent country for miles around.

I glanced around the chamber; but of all I saw, my eye was directed only to the person who had enchained it. It was a beautiful female, just in the bloom of youth, whose attitude was that she startled to her feet by the abrupt and unexpected intrusion of a stranger. I had only time to see that she was robed in white, with golden ringlets flowing carelessly down around her face and neck, over a portion of her snowy garments—that her eyes were bright and sparkling—that her features were very pale, but radiant with no common loveliness—when, elevating a step or two, with lofty like grace, she said, in a clear, silvery voice, which, though soft, had a peculiar ring of courtly pride, if I may so express myself:

"Sir, I know why I am honored with this unexpected visit of a stranger!"

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Viola St. Aubyn?" I said, in reply.

"That is my name, sir," she answered, in a cautious tone, and an air of condescension.

"Then permit me to say, Miss St. Aubyn, I bring you good tidings."

"They could never come in a time more needed," she rejoined, with something like a sigh: "for good tidings have of late been strangers to me. Am I honored with the visit of an emissary of Count D'Estang?" she inquired, and I fancied there was a certain degree of hope in her tone.

"No, Miss St. Aubyn," I replied, "I come from one whom I have reason to know is an enemy of his house; and a true friend of the lady I address."

A strange blue lightning came over her countenance—a bright ray of hope animated her features, making them beautiful beyond description—and slightly raising her hands, and taking a quick step or two forward, with her eyes fixed intently on mine, she exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest anxiety:

"Speak! in the name—"

"Morton Hartley."

"God be praised!—at last!" she ejaculated, and dropped upon her knees, her hands clasped, and striking upon a rosy mouth, she covered her face and bent her head.

If the mere mention of my having come from one she so dearly loved, could excite such deep emotion in the breast of Viola, I felt that Hartley had acted with his usual wisdom in not disclosing himself to her too suddenly. An avowal at the outset in any degree regain composure, she looked up quickly, fixed her eyes imploringly upon me, with an expression of hope, and fear, and doubt—and exclaimed, eagerly:

"You are not deceiving me, sir?"

"Upon my honor, as a gentleman, sir, Miss St. Aubyn," I replied; and I felt there was something of sincerity in my tone, that my words were words of truth. "Morton Hartley and I are friends." I went on to say: "my name is Henry Wallen; we first met in Virginia; my native place—afterward on the Ohio; my native place—afterward on the Ohio; we have ever since been companions; he has honored me with his confidence; and we have come hither expressly in search of yourself, with a view to relieve you from captivity."

"Thanks! oh—thanks! Oh, I could weep—yes, on my knees!—the cruel, heartless coming onward and taking my hand. You must excuse my weakness and denial, Mr. Wallen; but oh, sir, words fail me for what I have suffered. You said so, Mr. Wallen: Is he—is Morton—is Mr. Hartley near you?"

"In the room below," I answered.

"Oh, heavens! so near!" she exclaimed—and then she rose from her own remote station to this person? for I can call it by no milder term."

I hurriedly gave her the particulars, detailed to her letter, mentioned the disguise of my friend, and concluded by saying:

"And for the rest, Miss St. Aubyn, you shall have it from the lips of Morton Hartley himself, when I will hastily withdraw and leave you."

I then bowed myself out, leaving her seated upon a sofa, pale and agitated.

"Will," exclaimed Hartley, as I entered the chamber below, "have you seen her?"

"I have, Morton, and have prepared her to see you."

He grasped my hand, pressed it hard, and without a word, but with a look I cannot describe, disappeared up the narrow winding stairs. A moment or two after, I heard a joyful cry, and then all became still. Then the lovers might have no listeners, other than themselves, I now closed the secret door, and found myself alone in the apartment with Annie.

She was standing by a large painting, a few feet distant, and as she turned her face toward me, I saw that she was more pale than usual, and very much agitated.

"Oh, sir, I am terrified!" she said, in a low, tremulous tone.

"Any new cause of alarm?" I inquired.

"I have reflected on what I have done, and am doing," she replied, "and now, sir, that I am unexpectedly relieved, what will become of me?"

"We will not borrow trouble," I rejoined, "let fate deal with us as it will; there is no time for vacillation."

"Oh, sir, you do not know his lordship as well as I," she pursued, "or you would tremble at the fate that awaits any one who dares to say aught to him in his anger! He is terrible in his anger! he is all-powerful to execute whatever he wills!"

"He is only a man," I said; "and though I would rather not meet him, I do not fear him."

"But you know him not, sir—you know him not, I see. He is only a man himself—but he is at the head of—"

"Of a band of outlaws," I rejected, as Annie stopped, apparently bewildered how much she was on the point of betraying a secret. "I suspected as much, Annie."

"I did not say that—I did not mean—"

"Never mind," I interrupted; "at present it will not disturb the matter. But if his lordship is so powerful, and so dreadful in his anger," I continued, "there is no much the more reason why we should get away by we get Mr. Wallen Viola out of his clutches."

"Ah, sir, I fear it cannot be done—no flight can outstrip or—and therefore I think it best to—and, and perhaps the angel even angry moments takes place."

"And do you think we have ventured this far, to be turned from our purpose now?" I rejoined, sternly. "You must have a very poor opinion of our courage and manly qualities, if after having found the lady we came in search of, you can for a moment suppose we will be quietly sent, and leave her in the hands of a villain, who vitiates your fancy!"

"But I will swear, most resolutely, never to injure a hair of her head!" she said, in an excited tone.

"It is useless to talk, girl—we are determined upon our course!"

"Then I will not!" she asked, in an excited tone.

"I did to quit D'Estang Villa, unless Viola St. Aubyn goes with us."

"But if I convince you she cannot escape?" she pursued, in a manner to leave the augur of this terrible Count."

"Then you will be in may kill you!"

"We take our chances, of course."

"Heavens! I tremble at the consequences! Will nothing induce you to depart without her?"

"No, nothing."

"But suppose I assumes my lord's domestics, and have the power to—"

"Hear!" after the oath you have taken to assist to?"

"In what circumstances may compel me to break that oath?"

"It shall be our care, then, you do not have an opportunity. Since you have hinted at treachery, therefore, I feel justified in telling you that your movements will be closely watched."

"Indeed!" returned the damsel, with flashing eyes, and a proud air, "I am obliged for your caution in your assertion," and she sprang away to the door. "Locked!" she cried, in a tone of alarm, and turned upon me fiercely.

"You see, girl, I have not made any vain boast."

"Oh! heavens! heavens! what shall I do!" she cried.

"Find a way for us to escape with Ma'm'selle Viola; and do not again attempt it yourself," I said, sternly, "or we shall be compelled to adopt harsh measures."

"Do! I know of no way for you to escape," she answered, in a tone of despair.

"What of the secret passage?"

"Ah! you have learned of—"

"You see the best judge of that yourself; you shall go with me to the door of the secret passage, however, your fate cannot be worse than you had planned for yourself, if he succeeded in enveigling me into—"

Annie remained thoughtful for a few moments; and then brightening all at once, she suddenly exclaimed, and I fancied there was a certain degree of treachery in her tone:

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"Will Morton Hartley," I replied, "and Viola St. Aubyn."

"Then you will be allowed to pass, might be backed by such authority as this," I replied, producing one of my revolvers.

"But if I convince you of your escape, what will become of me, when his lordship returns and finds me—"

"You are

what different character. It was a youth of about twenty years. He had been reared in the country, and was rather a rough specimen. In other words, his head had received less cultivation than his heart. His countenance, as he passed over the contents of the splints in his hand, was lighted with smiles, and exhibited almost ludicrous indications of delight.

He finally finished reading, and slapping his hand upon the front of his leg, loudly, though unconsciously, the gem read to his feelings—"I'll be dumged if she ain't one of the best! I don't fuzzy and get a pile, and go home and marry her, than may I'll be dumged!"

Miscellaneous.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A ROBBER.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A great deal of excitement has recently been created in the higher classes of the French Capital, by the remarkable and somewhat romantic developments of numerous robberies, which, for years past, have been committed in and near the metropolis, by one or more individuals, whose whereabouts it was impossible to trace out. In order to give a thorough insight into the matter, we must begin at a period when the existence of this gang was first proved by their actions.

Toward the close of October, 1846, during a fine and clear autumnal night, the travelling carriage of M. Edward C. Bruyn, a wealthy merchant of London, who then was on his way back to Toronto, from a long tour in Europe and the Lombardic provinces, was stopped within three miles of Verona, in the most populated part of the country. One man only presented himself at the coach window, and commanding, but in a low tone of voice, the occupants to deliver whatever valuables the inmates of the conveyance possessed. Mr. M. Bruyn was then with his two ladies, his wife and her younger sister, the latter of whom, had already drawn her purse, and was in the act of handing it to the highwayman, when her extended arm was fractured by a pistol shot from Mr. Bruyn, who having received the movement of his sister-in-law, had from the back of the carriage quietly taken aim at the robber, with a view of ascertaining if he was indeed dastard. A scene of terrific confusion then ensued. The report of the pistol brought beside the two men who guarded the coachman and footman, three more individuals to the assistance of the highwayman; the traces were cut in an instant, the coachman was lashed to his seat, and the highwayman prepared to accompany amongst the death of their leader, who lay, apparently insensible, on the ground.

The desire of the *calèche* were torn open, but the specials which there presented itself, was such as to make the robbers repent having approached not upon the mission of revenge. Miss Percy, the wounded lady, lay fainting in the interior, whose speechless agony poured the horror which she felt at the occurrence. Mr. Brooks, still ignorant that he was in the wife of the injury, had nevertheless abandoned all ideas of resistance, and was vainly endeavoring to stanch the blood, which flowed in torrents from the ghastly wound. The coachman and the highwaymen looked upon this mournful scene, until a low moan, from their leader, reminded them of the necessity of giving their attention which his condition peremptorily called for. A few minutes sufficed to prove that he was not dangerously wounded; the bullet, after fracturing the slender arm of Miss Percy, had spent itself against his chest, causing what the Canadians call a *Profitaken*, and though it did not penetrate the flesh, had effectually rendered it break a bone or two without any other outward sign than a slight blush spot on the spot where the leaden messenger struck. The chief soon recovered, and was able to ride off, while he left the carriage in charge of his companions, giving strict orders, however, not to plunder the Englishmen of his family, but to offer every assistance to enable them to reach Vienna as early as possible, that the young lady might obtain medical aid. The orders were implicitly obeyed by the latter; Mr. Brooks saw his horses put to the carriage, and by his assistance, was able to reach the most romantic bearing toward him, and moment order to wish him good time with the much indeed was he taken by the conduct of the men, that on parting he gave a diamond ring, of great value, to the man who had been shot by himself by the chief, with orders to hand it over to his master, a token of high gratification for the consideration which had been extended to the suffering family.

The occurrence caused no extraordinary sensation at Verona. Apart from the interest of the act, the standing of Mr. Brooks and his companion, and the result of the affair, as far as Miss Percy was concerned, gave sufficient interest to the matter for it to occupy the gossiping tepis for many weeks. As to the injured lady, she suffered greatly from the severe wound, but recovered without the loss of her arm, which, at first, it seemed impossible to save. Mr. Brooks discontinued every possible effects to treat out the individual who stopped his carriage, the police were instructed to use their utmost exertion to be made, but without any success.

A month or two passed quickly away, when the news of another attack on the highway, the same accompanied with a robbery to a great amount, startled the police from their apathy, to which they had abandoned themselves since they saw their efforts to trace out the perpetrators of the previous robbery fruitless. Attached to the carriage at four or six months, and they were directed only against the most wealthy, with a sagacity and prudence which called forth precaution on the part of the authorities. Years thus passed without the least clearness upon these depredations, and late in the Fall of 1851, three robberies were committed during a night, not one of which was less in its severity, though the booty consisted of such articles as could not have been disposed of in the districts among without considerable difficulty against the seller.

In the month of January, Miss Percy, who since receiving the wound from the pistol-shot of her brother-in-law, had been married to a Welsh gentleman named Thomas, a native of Vienna with her husband, where her former attentions won by an ardent longing, and who frequently spoken about in company. Among those who seemed to take the deepest interest in the matter, was a Baron Pergh, a Swedish nobleman, who for the last ten years had stayed at Vienna, and was apparently attached to the beautiful wealth; he became as admirer of Mr. Percy's and his constant attendant. Soon they were seen started, and the question was asked, why the husband allowed so close an intimacy was established in their frequent visits to their wife. None, however, ventured to progress came the result of this intimacy.

At an early hour on the second of March, Baron Pergh's mansion was surrounded by a body of officers, in the midst of which a carriage demanded access to the building. After a while the doors were thrown open, and the entire party, with two of his men, entered, while others were left to guard the various avenues. Nearly an hour had now passed away, when the party returned, bringing with them and carefully guarding Pergh, whose head was bare, and his person nearly assigned to political offenders. From the motion of the police, as well as from what is the officer which he is charged with; he had no hovering and probably may have some; his friends may see him again or they may not; just as it suits the despotic will of him who rules over Austria.

In spite of the precautions which are always taken in Austria, to keep secret the offenses of the nobility, the story is spread that Baron Pergh's career has lasted out. It appears that he was in debt, in connection with some of his high servants, has for years past rendered the highways near Vienna insecure, as he could safely do those depredations from the vicinity of residence, without, in the slightest measure, incurring the suspicions of the authorities. It is a remarkable fact, that the Baron had actually stood in the pay of the police, a circumstance that he probably received only for the purpose of leading any suspicions that might arise into another channel. Becoming deeply engaged with the beautiful Mrs. Thomas, he sought vainly to gain her affections, and on her refusal to do so despair, showed her the ring which Mr. Brooks had sent him, as the leader of the highwaymen, there partly, and apparently in the act of doing so because his, since she had once been chosen to be the instrument to save his life. So far from this confession having the effect of softening her feelings, it became all the more incensed against him, but promised faithfully to keep the secret, if he would not repeat his odious proposals. Pergh did not seem moved by her words, but at least attempted to carry her off by the aid of his satellites, and being foiled in this information was given which led to the arrest as before stated.

Three of the Baron's men have since been arrested, and at his country residence a large quantity of articles were found, all of which are identified as having been stolen.

There is this difference between hatred and pity—pity is a thing often avowed, but seldom felt; hatred is a thing often felt, but seldom avowed.

LINES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[We find the following simple and touching lines in a contemporary, credited to the "Knickerbocker." We believe they were written by Mr. Bryant for the beautiful singer, Mr. Dempster, and were set to music by that gentleman.]

The May-sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;
And, where it falls, with a touch more bright,
Wildcrowd and warkled the springing grass,
Love is in her grace,
Love is in her grace.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In pearly beads the parkway stand;
She sees, she greets and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand.
It is her grove,
Love is in her grace.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;
But she, whom nature's self prepares,
Owns lauds are listen while they sung.
It is her grace,
Love is in her grace.

That music of the early year
Brings back a gentler, purer day;
My heart aches when the flowers appear,
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Love is in her grace.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;
But she, whom nature's self prepares,
Owns lauds are listen while they sung.
It is her grace,
Love is in her grace.

GENERAL RUSER.—The following is a scene at Cincinnati, London: A young man applied to Mr. Corrie, and coolly said—Please your worship, I wish to be married to-day. Mr. Corrie—Do you mean to marry his aunt? (A laugh). Mr. Corrie—Is your father alive? Applicant—Yes, sir. Have you married your aunt? Applicant—Yes; my mother's sister. (Laughter.) Mr. Corrie—How old are you? Applicant—Nineteen. Mr. Corrie—And what age is your wife? Applicant—Forty-one. Mr. Corrie—Well, such a marriage was certainly illegal, according to the Scriptures; and he referred to Leviticus, where it was forbidden. The next part of the injunction was, that a man should not take his own sister, but he could not find any prohibition against marrying his aunt. Applicant—If I can't get married here, I will go to Gretna Green. Wife—If one marriage is illegal and be incurred in it be void, so that I am still the injured, had nevertheless abandoned all ideas of resistance, and was vainly endeavoring to stanch the blood, which flowed in torrents from the ghastly wound. The chief soon recovered, and was able to ride off, while he left the carriage in charge of the highwaymen, giving strict orders, however, not to plunder the Englishmen of his family, but to offer every assistance to enable them to reach Vienna as early as possible, that the young lady might obtain medical aid. The orders were implicitly obeyed by the latter; Mr. Brooks saw his horses put to the carriage, and by his assistance, was able to reach the most romantic bearing toward him, and moment order to wish him good time with the much indeed was he taken by the conduct of the men, that on parting he gave a diamond ring, of great value, to the man who had been shot by himself by the chief, with orders to hand it over to his master, a token of high gratification for the consideration which had been extended to the suffering family.

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Clippings.

"The many to look into the room of things
They are so intertwined with the earth,
So that the branch is goodly among the fruit,
I reck not if its roots gave it birth.

[The Authors I have read Schiller's Robbers and Victor Hugo's Last Day. Long after time, I have raised my hands in astonishment, and in admiration of the work, oh, by no means! but a wonder at the possibility that a book like this, which is not even tolerably well written, which is not even tolerably well composed, which is not even tolerably well smoothly on, but is ever halting and stumbling, and is everywhere offensive to such an extent that Truss will assuredly do justice to it, and allow his liking to shut into oblivion.—*Nicholas's Life and Letters.*

[It is the work of a philosopher to be able to bear with patience the reproaches of fools.

"A dwarf said to a giant—We have grown taller than you.

"Very true, my good friend," replied the giant, "and all—God!—by casting Temperance Convention," the meeting being somewhat disturbed by the noise of which a gentleman of young fellows, the President, Mr. Stockton, endeavored to restore quiet. Order was at length restored, bringing with them and carefully guarding Pergh, whose head was bare, and his person nearly assigned to political offenders. From the motion of the police, as well as from what is the officer which he is charged with; he had no hovering and probably may have some; his friends may see him again or they may not; just as it suits the despotic will of him who rules over Austria.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 00 if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For $5 00 in advance, one copy is sent three years. For $10 00 three copies are forwarded to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office.

4 Copies, - - - $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add names to it at the same rate, provided the first letter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time with those in the Club. This will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club to end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

REMITTANCES.—Remittances may be made in Bills—or Gold. Write—If the marriage is illegal and be incurred in it be void, so that I am still the injured, is to be sent to support me? Mr. Corrie—Yes. Wife—And can I do so? Mr. Corrie—Yes. Wife—And can I do so? Mr. Corrie—Yes. The couple signed the register right. (Laughter.) Applicant—If I take your advice, I will not be married, but I have had enough of it for the last six months. (Loud laughter.) The applicant then left the room, and the last we heard of him was congratulating her nephew until they got out of sight.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH RELICS.—Sir Francis Head, in his late book on Paris, speaks enthusiastically of the newly brought to light relics, which has just been fabricated into the French Museum. Mr. M. Bruyn, and Mr. Brooks, still ignorant that he was in the wife of the injured lady, had nevertheless abandoned all ideas of resistance, and was vainly endeavoring to stanch the blood, which flowed in torrents from the ghastly wound. The chief soon recovered, and was able to ride off, while he left the carriage in charge of the highwaymen, giving strict orders, however, not to plunder the Englishmen of his family, but to offer every assistance to enable them to reach Vienna as early as possible, that the young lady might obtain medical aid. The orders were implicitly obeyed by the latter; Mr. Brooks saw his horses put to the carriage, and by his assistance, was able to reach the most romantic bearing toward him, and moment order to wish him good time with the much indeed was he taken by the conduct of the men, that on parting he gave a diamond ring, of great value, to the man who had been shot by himself by the chief, with orders to hand it over to his master, a token of high gratification for the consideration which had been extended to the suffering family.

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AN ANTEDILUVIAN RELIC.

Upon the invitation of Messrs. Peter Wright & Sons, of this city, we recently visited a relic of the antediluvian world which they not long since received from Ireland. It is the skeleton of an enormous Elk, such as roamed the earth, it may be, before Adam, certainly before the flood. Those antediluvian Elks are found at long intervals in the peat bogs of Ireland. They must have been, we judge, nearly as long, and quite as high as an elephant. Their antlers are so large and massive, that we can conceive men about six feet long each, or twelve feet from point to point of the horns, to be quite adequate, not yet put together, the antlers are, if we remember right, about eight feet each. These antlers are remarkably solid and heavy, and their weight must have been exceedingly great. We had supposed that they were fossil bone, or even a gentle.

The bone remains are forced, as we have said, in the peat bogs, at a depth of from thirty to forty feet. The antlers when first uncovered, are very pliable, and can be twisted into circles, so one has to be used to prevent them from breaking to pieces. Upon exposure to the air they become about as hard as soft bone.

The query naturally arises upon seeing such animals, whether they are extinct, and if so, why? Ellerian world were equally large as compared with the present race. We have as far as we can learn no reason to think so. Ask, with the object of saving room, and that the reader may see them such a great size, that they never get their full growth.

But, to return to our *Elk*, we must some of the particulars relative to the finding and putting together the largest one for the Academy of Natural Sciences.

WHO ARE OLD FOGIES?

Old fogies are a class of people who are not exactly approve. We have arrived at this definition from finding that the "Macon (Ga.) Telegraph" has been discussing the question of his influence, classes. Conn. Stockton, of New York, Mr. Benton, Prof. Pierce, &c.

"Gen. Cass is, *par excellence*, the Old Fogy of the Democratic party. After him, but immeasurably behind him, Mr. Benton, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Dix, and a host of other Democratic worthies will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the term *old fogy* is never to be found in the dictionary. It is the coinage of the day, and the definitions vary every time. Webster as many ascribes as a French rifleman, and tax discharge his pieces thirty times, while the Old Guard is only loaded once. The French rifle, moreover, is an awkward weapon, and is liable to burst in the hands of those who persist in using it. Webster, on the other hand, is a perfect gem of its kind and near-light, and is far enough of it for the last six months. (Loud laughter.) The applicant then left the room, and the last we heard of him was congratulating her nephew until they got out of sight.

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THE MORMONS.

We see accounts from Washington that the President has authorized Mormons to fill the places called returned officers, who recently resigned. We do not understand this. We should think that it was of the first importance that the U. S. Officers in the Territory should not be Mormons. Among the appointments are Orson Hyde, (Mormon) to Associate Judge.

In this connection, it may be appropriate to give to our readers an extract from the Mormon Bible, which is referred to in our editorial on the Latter among this Nation." It is the concluding part of the book of Ether, and purports to be *from the Jaredites*, and said to have been written by the brother of Jared, who lived about the time when the tower of Babel was built. The whole book was a dish, and the bottom thereof was pure gold; and there was a handle to it, and it was curious work. And he did molten it, and made it like unto a sword, that they might be able to fight for food. And he did carry unto the Lord, and the Lord said unto him, Behold, I will smite the waters, and they shall become blood upon the face of the earth. And he did pray unto the Lord, and the Lord said unto him, Behold, I will go before thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and also thy brother and his household, and also thy friends and their households, and also all the friends of Jared and their households. And I will go before thee and I will prepare unto thee and unto thy seed a land which is choice above all the lands of the earth. And thou and thy seed shall possess it, and it shall be a land of promise. And I will make thee a great nation, and thy brother and his household, and also thy friends and their households, and also all the friends of Jared and their households. And there I will bless thee and thy seed, and none but those who shall possess the land of promise shall be blessed upon the face of the earth. And whosoever shall curse thee shall be cursed, and I will be angry with him with a full anger, and he shall be as a dish, and the bottom thereof shall be pure gold, and the top thereof was right like unto a dish, and the length thereof was right like unto a dish, and the breadth thereof was right like unto a dish, and the height thereof was right like unto a dish, and the handle thereof was right like unto a dish, and the thickness

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PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the novelet now in process of publication,

VIOLA: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

we shall commence Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—called

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare for the present.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from ...

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

POLITICAL NEWS.

General News.

Local News.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ALMANAC.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Marriages.

Deaths.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 8.

Bank Note List.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$6 00 TO $16
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	2 50 " 6

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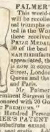

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

This world-renowned Artificial Limb, it will be recollected, was among the *few* signal triumphs of American ingenuity exhibited in the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in 1851. It there received the award of the GREAT PRIZE MEDAL, as the "*best*" limb (amongst 30 of the best ENGLISH, FRENCH and GERMAN manufacture) exhibited; and was so well appreciated, that an extensive manufactory is now in successful operation at 30 Regent Street, London, under the auspices of the Queen and the Medical Faculty of London and Paris.

Mr. Palmer receives the patronage of every eminent Surgeon in the U. States—and has here been honored with 20 GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, or "FIRST PREMIUMS."

BYRNE'S GREAT PRACTICAL MODEL CALCULATOR—COMPLETE!!!

NOW READY—The Practical Model Calculator, for the Engineer, Mechanic, Machinist, Manufacturer of Engine-work, Naval Architect, Miner and Millwright. By Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military, and Mechanical Engineer. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, $3,50.

This volume will be found to be the most valuable book of calculations for Engineers and Mechanics ever published in America; the want of which has long been felt.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD,
Successor to E. L. Carey,
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Publisher of Scientific Books.

LIVER COMPLAINT,

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

CHERRY PECTORAL

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BOOKS OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

NATIONAL SAFETY STEAM ENVELOPE MANUFACTORY,

CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,

GREEN'S Patent Ink and Pencil Mark Eraser.

$1,000 A-YEAR.

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

Selected Poetry.

DON'T GO TO CALIFORNIA.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Don't go to California, boys,
Don't go to California;
There's wealth for you in the Rockyee State,
And wealth that may be won.
Aye, wealth that may be won, boys,
By true hearts, strong and bold,
Then don't go to California,
Stay at home and gather gold.
Oh, stay at home, oh, stay at home,
With the friends you love to-day,
There's wealth for you in the Rockyee State,
Oh! gather it while you may.

There's wealth in the morning valleys,
Deep buried in the soil,
To work, to work, with the spade and plough,
And win it with sturdy toil.
There's wealth in the deep dark forks, boys,
That sleep in the shady grove,
There's wealth in the lowing herds, boys,
That over our wild hills rove.
Then stay at home, oh! stay at home
With the friends you love to-day,
There's wealth for you in the Rockyee State,
Oh! gather it while you may.

There's wealth in the craggy hill-sides,
And the vales that lie between,
And the golden band may win it
From the mountain's rocky side.
Not beds of the shining metals,
But no more useful far,
That unclasp the pendeeron eagles,
And the wide far flung jar.
Then stay at home, oh, stay at home
With the friends you love to-day,
There's wealth in our rocks and hill-sides,
Then, don't go while you may.

There's wealth in the wind-swept valleys,
There's wealth in the sandy drifts,
There's wealth in the meadow grass, boys,
There's wealth in the mossy rifts,
There's wealth in the bounding breaks, boys,
That ripple through our hills,
There's wealth in our emerging rivers,
There's wealth in our dancing rills.
Then stay at home, oh, stay at home
With the friends you love to-day,
There's wealth in our rocks and hill-sides,
Then, don't go while you may.

There's wealth in the waxy wreck, boys,
There's wealth in the vernier flowers,
There's wealth in the springing grass blades,
There's wealth in the budding flowers,
There's wealth in the glorious sun-shine,
There's wealth in the falling dew,
And every lesson that quickens the trees
Is gathering wealth for you.
Then stay at home, oh, stay at home,
Many friends you love to-day,
There's wealth in the dew and sun-shine,
Oh! gather it while you may.

Oh! gather it while you may, boys,
With the plough, the hoe, and spade,
With the sickle, the rake, and the mattock,
The axe, with its gleaming blade,
The sledge, the wage, and the saw,
The hammer, the saw, and plane,
The stable and the shop, the anger and drill—
Gather wealth from hill and plain.
Oh! stay at home, oh, stay at home
With hands that love you to-day,
There's gold for you in Utah,
Boys, gather it while you may.

Oh! go not to California, boys,
The glittering road is foul,
There's a world of wealth—solid cannot buy,
In the dowry you have inherited,
There's wealth in the maiden' trusting love,
There's wealth in the wife's fond fears,
There's wealth in a sister's tenderness,
There's wealth in a mother's tears.
Then stay at home, oh, stay at home,
Enjoy it while you may,
For the gold of California
Don't barter life's love away.

Selected Sketch.

A RIDE IN BUNGARY.
CROPS, CATTLE, &c.

FROM BRACE'S HUNGARY IN 1851.

"Well! Are you ready for a ride on the Puszta?" said a one-horse, lightly-framed Hungarian, as I stepped from the door of my friend's house the next day.

It was a clear, sunny Spring afternoon, and though I had designed to stay longer in the village, where I was visiting a friend, I was glad of the temptation to see a Hungarian prairie, and afterwards something of Hungarian farming. So I accepted the offer as hastily as it was made, and proceeded to make myself ready for, perhaps, a rough ride.

"I am glad," said he, as I climbed into the wagon, "you have your spy on—we call those black dots *pot-grievous* (wild-fowl), which is, in Austrian bain, and no one in Hungary wears them!"

I saw he had his gun with him, and asked him if he expected to find game. "Not much," said, "since one can't good shooting on the prairies, and we might see ducks in the lakes along the road. But look!" and he, holding up a paper, "what a *fine* Hungarian man here in the world could shoot a supreme!" I took the paper, and saw that it was a *permission from government* to carry a fowling-piece! It appeared that every gun and pistol through the whole country had been obliged to be given up, and that every one found with one in his possession was liable to imprisonment for several months. After this, the only mode of procuring pieces, was to apply for a "license," which, however, was not given to every one. "But besides that," said he, "I used to go to the next village, I must have a *passport*—and before those two last years, such a thing was never known in Hungary. A man could go from one end of the land to the other, and no one asked him where he was going, or what place he came from. And for no independent man to be so interrogated and badgered! It shows us what our slavery is!"

In fact, no words can describe the discomfort and bitterness of the Hungarians, under the petty restrictions of the Austrian police. It is positively forbidden to call one another "friend" or "boys" into a Russian camp, where every step must be measured, and a passport always given for every word and movement. The Hungarian but always been used to a free, careless life, in which he was his own master, and the tyrannical, to a "Constitutional Government," under which he could abuse the administration as he wished. It is a necessity of his being to "talk politics" and his ill-humor frees itself of it in real hearty grumbling. But now to be under a system where a stationary scene is at once suspected of a sign of a conspiracy, where a word said against an office-holder will send him to a fortress, and where every step is dogged or watched by the especially annoying to him. At home him in it grows like a suffocation himself, and he can be profane, and is continually getting himself into trouble. However, to our ride again.

After some conversation on such topics as the above, my companion gave the signal, and we started ourselves by lock off their horses, rising to the universal custom at parting, the driver cracked his long-lashed whip, and we rattled away from the village in a direction that began to turn out." It may be interesting to my readers in America, to know what kind of vehicle is. The wagon is of wicker, and the seat is long inside of hay, covered with cushions and blankets. The traces and something of the tackle are of ropes, and the driver, wrapped in a shaggy sheep-skin, sits forward upon the shafts beside of hay. In fact, the whole has rather a rough and "wild" appearance, but as all the vehicles seems somewhat neglected, the horses still seem to go the fastest. The horses are also harnessed unusual, mostly with rope, or light leather thongs—and not one looks as if a curry-comb ever had handled him. They are small, shaggy, with long manes, and hair hanging almost their eyes in a peculiarly wild manner. Yet, if you look closer, you will see that, despite their unkempt locks, they all have exceedingly spirited, intelligent eyes, and will observe that though they are small-bodied they are well built. The legs, too, have the joints firmly knit; the chest broad, and all the form of the animal fine and good. Many of them are seated in a wagon, behind them as I was with a "coach" Hungarian driven, you will find that you would not envy over the prairies faster, if you were behind the best thoroughbreds of an English stud.

And the wagon, for all its appearance, is the most comfortable you could possibly have. I have ridded those wagons for long days' rides in Hungary, over rough districts, and really I never found more easy-going or carriage half so pleasant for long distances. The springs are good, generally, and the *hay* is decidedly the best cushion yet invented. They have, too, a sort of sawing of wicker-work for the rain, when it is needed.

We rattled along in the most inspiriting manner, and there was a great deal, in the whole scenery through which we passed, to interest me. First came the wide fields of Indian corn, just out of the village, now, of course, only in the first growth. Everything seemed on a grand scale; the fields stretched away as the eye could reach sometimes, and nowhere any fence or hedge—the only protection being a deep ditch occasionally. I asked my friend whether they used this corn at all for food.—"No," he said, "they did not much. It is considered only to cattle and hogs, and was very much valued for this. The best food among the *Wallachs*, it was everywhere used for bread and cakes. They, in Central Hungary, however, did not much like it, though they made a pudding now and then from it. He would show me, when we came to the village, a very pastilar national dish, which they made with it." As I found afterwards, the corn is common in Hungary as it is with us in America, and, except a very few cold districts in the Carpathians, it cultivated over the whole *Cross* has become as much attached to Johnny Cake as any Yankee could be. Perhaps this fixes the mysteries of "hasty pudding" have not yet been learned anywhere in the land. In many parts it is even used "cakes" raised for green fodder alone. The amount of this crop in Hungary for 1850 was the good figure, about 35,000,000 bushels.

Scattered along the road, between the corn fields, were everywhere fields of *tararne*, which is grown throughout Hungary, both for green fodder and hay. Clover, which is so much in North Europe—in England, Holstein and Germany—I have not seen anywhere since I left the cities of clover. The German, universally, when I have asked, set a very great value upon it; and it originally was to be found in the fields in America, where good fodder is certainly in as great demand as in Europe. The Hungarian, not be said to be in at all general use with the occupy among the farmers.

My friend then with me said, that he had often cut *five crops* from it,—though there are few are its usual number—and that, when it is in poor they tried for a while, through the country, the *red variety*, which is said to yield 70 or 80 with all the manuring they could give it. He obtained seed and got 75 Hungarian for it, they say, and, in consequence, *lucerne* also was introduced, which works excellently.

Though not generally cultivated in Hungary, he was remarkably well educated. He knew all the technical terms of the art, was interested in sing the road, and their uses, and answered all my questions with the most intelligent and intelligence. As we rode along, he pointed out to me a yellow flower, which covered all the roadside and told me to pick a bunch and see if I knew it. I gathered a handful, and sent at once to the botanical name of the flowers. The preparation and export of these is a very considerable business, I am told, from all Central Hungary. The flowers are collected and dried, and then sent to Germany, to the Leipsic Fair, but which I soon found to be the rape plant, grown everywhere in Hungary for the seed and oil.

The building of oil presses and cultivation of it is "a passion," as they call it, for business in very important branch of industry within a few years, in which great profits are to be realized, in South Hungary. The export of the oil in the years from 1841-42, averaged about 15,251 centners, and that of rape-seed, 20,000. In 1846, it amounted to 237,460! It is plainly for consumption in the future. Till about 1700, Hungary was the granary of the Austrian dominions, and the Austrian Government, in order to encourage the cultivation of the corn, established a market where the farmers could sell it, at a fixed price, to the Government. This continued for 100 years, when the Government, finding that it was losing money by the operation, withdrew its support, and left the farmers to find a market for themselves. The result was that the corn was almost entirely given up, and the land, which was before the best of all possible worlds, was in ourselves like the Garden of Eden, for its whole life is spent, from generation to generation, in wasting about the cultivation of corn, and in doing so. The same thing is observable in his moral nature. He is, if not positive, at least negative. He has of it had no germ of evil—there would be no merit in virtue. He has not a strong will, a dashing spirit, but a good and bad, yet possessing withal a power or principle within, superior both to his good and body, which determines his conduct in action.

If this curious and important subject were better investigated, we should see with more meaning than we usually do the common assertion, "statistics are the figures of fancy." We should, the title, the climate, soil, and the people have been heard, and, perhaps, but it is our business here not to submit ourselves inconsistency and to his opinion entirely dependent upon those decrees, but to grapple with and struggle against them as long and as well as we can. The religion of Jesus Christ, say, which is a very good type of that which is in ourselves, is opposed to the "natural" spirit, which, upon entirely erroneous views of Providence. He was thankful for the superstitious practices which he was taught to perform, for the wealth, because he thought they led to certain good reward, and not for the sake of the duties themselves. The child's health which prevented his boyhood from being tempted into sinful and sinful pastimes, because he believed that for the gift of stammering, since this preserved him from blasphemy, and because he so intensely value—eloquence; he was deeply grateful for a bad musical ear, which happy quality saved him from feelings of discord in hearing music. In short, he rendered devout thanks for being disappointed in the prospect of going round the world with Captain Cook, for his belief in the goodness of Providence in the late expedition of the French language. The providential circumstances last mentioned was to his opinion entirely favorable to the growth of new ideas.

Since Dr. Priestley was thankful for his deliverance from the mobbing, he only fell in the in this manner, regret his possession of the ordinary faculties, and of a moderate competence in this world, and was glad to see that he could be tempted to abuse them? The system, in short, which he considered as the best calculated for the duty of man upon the earth, and the best Work under which he lives. It is the same with ourselves in many instances. We are full of coldness to the fatalism of Eastern fanatics, and to the cold and dry system of Confucius, as by an association of the Gauges, instead of trying to escape, in the spirit of the gospel, from the scorn upon its agent, light his pipe, and looks calmly on at the rise of the values. Why so Eastern Gospel is not more widely distributed, and his religious duty is submission to the decrees of Providence, and to the laws of nature, and even admired, in the Hindoo, whose ignorant faith is direct and sincere; but there is no excuse at all for the Christian who does not follow the light of his own.

Such mistakes are mischievous, if it is only because they give a certain appearance of reason to the charges of infidels against Christ. There is a well-known story in our own pulpits, of a Hindoo convert, who, on his return to the road is ridden over by a troop of horse, but unexpectedly escapes unhurt. "Down on your knees, and thank Providence!" cries a bystander, to the astonished convert. "Thank Providence?" replies the Hindoo, struck by a new train of horse ride over me?" Here the idea of Providence is improperly suggested, because it is not connected with the duty of man to his fellow-creatures. That God was pleased with the escape there can be no doubt, although the proximate cause of the former was in all probability nothing more than the carelessness of the pedestrian in choosing an improper part of the road. The thankfulness was really due to the scheme of Providence granting a further period of probation to one who had appeared to the ground spend. There is something yet far higher, and even that we can only weep.—*New Monthly.*

* See Brande's *Dictionary of Science.*

Wit and Humor.

THE TARTAR CHOICE.—A HUNGARIAN ACCOUNT.—Wine, in the thirteenth century, the Tartars, led by their chief, Batu Khan, invaded Hungary, and King Bela was forced to flee from the disastrous battle at the Sajo, fought soon after upon the Hungarians. Many had fallen on the field, still more were taken prisoners by the victorious enemy; some sought escape, others apathetically awaited their fate. Amongst these was a nobleman, who lived retired on his property, distant from every high road. He possessed large herds, mainly horses and buffaloes, and a well-stocked house, built but recently for the reception of his young wife, who had been for some time.

The disheartening account of the general disaster reached this secluded shelter, and its peaceful lord was horrified. He trembled for his young wife—for himself, they had but meets less anxiety. His very sheep was troubled; his other sighed, and seemed quite lost and wretched.

Then anxiously anticipating the days to come, he sat in deep thought, when he was suddenly a Tartar on his stout galloped into the court-yard. Dismounting from his steed, ran to meet his guest, and said:

"Tartar, thou art welcome!—I am thy servant! Command me, and I will do what thou fanciest; I do not oppose thy power; command, and I will obey!"

The Tartar impatiently sprang from his horse, and looked about him, but cast a supercilious look on all the precious objects around. His eye was fascinated by the brilliant beauty of the lady of the house, struck by admiration, he retired to great bits have, no less gratefully than the servant had to the master.

The Tartar seized her without a moment's hesitation, and, overlooking her entreaties, and her sighs, and sobbing, and sorrow, carried off his lovely booty.

As he left the lord's servants's wife; the nobleman was thunderstruck, yet he recovered, and hastened to the gate. There he could still distinguish the Tartar galloping in the distance, and bearing away the lady fair.

He looked after him a sigh, and exclaimed, with deep commiseration, *Alas! poor Turkey!*

GOLDSMITH DESPISES HIM.—About the time the "*bon ton*" was at its height the poet met Goldsmith in the street, with his clothes unbrushed, and the smallest pellets were so aglaze, a fat, that, although it was a dry day, they stuck upon the undertook to show that the imperfect parts assist in forming a perfect whole, and that this deficits of nature were the best evidences of natural eggs, which were manufactured expressly for dealers by the country people, and which their nests were filled with the real simon pure article. These eggs were sold at a high price, and at from what was considered this unanswerable tribunals: If the world be not the best of all worlds, and the conditions we are united to it not known how to make a better; 2. Not have been the best possible world, if God had not chosen to make a better. The first of those suppositions impugns His omniscience, the second His benevolence, and the third both His benevolence. This doctrine was illustrated by Dr. Pangloss in Candide, but, upon the whole, Voltaire in *Candide*; but, upon the whole, Voltaire seemed to have made up a very sorry secret position, with which few cared to interfere.

"Only nine shillings a dozen," replied one of the friends.

"Only nine shillings a dozen!" they must be *beautiful eggs indeed!* Here, you, they are the Chloes eggs," said the vender of the crockery, "they are fine eggs; but rather difficult to hatch."

"Why?" he asked, "why are they?" asked he, as he took one up to examine it.

"Why, because," answered the hole in the egg, and turning round to our would-be egg vender, with a countenance as dark as a thunder-cloud

"Do you think I'm a dazed fool, 'fagivel' You have imposed upon me with your rotten eggs long enough—and putting his thumb up to his nose, he made a contemptuous and scurrilous sign to the man, expressive of his disgust at the trick that he had detected, and repeated, at the same time, the words which he had used to the man who sold the egg, "you can't cozen it now me, Sam, by the wheel, in a hurry, but not one object in the world was left irremediable with the greatest confidence. At the same moment, in the world as not all irreconcilable with the goodness, omnipotence, and omniscience of God. Such was the optimism of Leibnitz, which, in the earth was rich in marshes, and its most respectable philosophy was considered as having not been perfect, or it would not have been created